

Not Enough by miawweasley

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Summary: After an event in Mike and El's life causes them to drift apart, Mike does something unspeakable.

1. Chapter 1

As her car pulled into the driveway, El had a sense something was off.

First of all, Mike's car was parked to the far right side of the driveway when he told her he would be gone all day visiting his parents ("I just miss them, so I'll be gone visiting them, so don't rush coming home from work"), and a mysterious red car was parked just down the street.

El knew all her neighbors and had befriended them all quickly, and that car was not something familiar. Deciding it was all in her head, she quietly walked into the house, shielding herself from the rain, as if she was going to surprise Mike. Instead of being met with silence, she heard giggles coming from upstairs. Not Mike's laughter, but someone else's. Her blood ran cold.

Not bothering to kick her shoes off, she made her way upstairs to the source.

Her bedroom.

Their bedroom.

Opening the door without preparing herself for any of it, she was met with a Mike in between some blonde's legs.

"Mike?" she asked softly. There was not anger in her tone. Just— *hurt*.

She watched as they scrambled under the covers, both of them shooting out a string of curses. Mike said he was sorry. That's when the anger rose.

"You're *sorry*?" She spat. "We've been married for 4 fucking years and have been dating since we were *13 years old!*" Her voice rose with each word.

"Does this mean *shit* to you?" she said as she lifted her left hand, showing off the 4 carat diamond.

"El, baby—"

"Don't baby me." After she cut him off coldly, he continued to dress until he was fully clothed. She stayed silent as the tears began to fall.

"I just— was I not enough?" she was back to her quiet tone. "Do you need something more than me? After everything we went through, together and apart? After everything I've given you?"

He opened and closed his mouth a few times before she spoke again.

"How long?" she questioned. Something in his eyes told her she didn't want to know. "How. Long." She said again when he didn't answer. It wasn't a question this time, more like a demand.

"About a year..." he said, looking down. That was it, her heart had officially broken.

"A year?" she said, her voice cracking. "In the same bed I sleep in? In *our bed*?" His silence was all she needed. She grabbed all her clothes and threw them into a suitcase, the whole process taking about 5 minutes, although it would have taken quicker if Mike didn't keep grabbing her arm and telling her he was sorry and how he wanted her to stay. She shrugged him off each time, the tears still falling.

She quickly ran down the stairs, Mike on her tail, telling her things along the lines of "El!" and "Wait, please," and "I'm sorry, don't go!"

All she could do was laugh. From when he had found her in the rain when she was 12, to now, when she was 26, she just couldn't help but wonder when she became too little. Not enough.

She wordlessly left the door and out into the now pouring rain. Mike grabbed her arm and turned her around, both of them crying. She wasn't sure which one was crying more.

"Please don't go, El, I'm sorry! I need you, I love you!" he begged, gripping her shoulders tightly.

"I bet you said those same words to her."

And with that, El hopped in her car and drove off in the rain, tuning out Mike as she drove away from the life she had spent 12 years building.

She didn't know where she was going for a few minutes before she pulled up to Max and Lucas' apartment. When she rang, the latter answered.

"El?" he asked, taking in her soaking wet body and crying face.

"C-can I—" hiccup "—stay here tonight, please, I—"

He cut her off by ushering her inside and handing her a soft towel.

"Hey, who was it?" Max said, walking out from their bedroom around the hall. She saw Lucas' panicked eyes and consoling arms around her and her eyes widened.

"What happened?" she asked, immediately taking Lucas' place and leading her to the couch. Neither cared that she soaked the couch.

"Mike- he—" That's all she got out before sobbing into her hands some more. Max rubbed her back in circles for a good 20 minutes while Lucas sat on her other side, providing her warmth with a few blankets. After she calmed down, she began to explain what happened.

"He- he had some blonde *whore* in our bed a- and it's been going on for a *year* and I had no clue," she choked out. "He's been fucking somebody else for a year, and I had no. Clue." She broke down once more as Max shot up.

"I'll- I'll kill him! Yeah! I'll kill him! That son of a bi—"

"Max, relax, El doesn't need that right now. Just *relax*," Lucas said, cutting her off as El leaned heavily into his side. She had calmed down completely, now realizing how cold she was.

"Why don't we get you a nice warm shower and a new change of clothes, yeah?" Lucas offered. El sniffed and nodded her head. He muttered and "okay" before leaving the room to start the shower. He came back a few minutes later to let the girls know it was ready.

As El stepped into the hot water, she just couldn't shake the feeling that she was worthless. That she wasn't enough. She had a fair idea, but it had just crossed into her mind as she scrubbed her stomach. Did he really blame her for that?

She scrubbed her skin roughly, trying to get any trace of today off her skin. By the time she got out, her skin was red and raw. She really couldn't care less.

In the other room, the couple was discussing what had happened.

"How could he do this?" Max asked, close to tears herself.

"I don't know, it's so unlike him!" Lucas responded, right when the doorbell rang. They both thought it was Mike, but when they opened the door, they saw Dustin and Will looking concerned.

Dustin and Will had moved in together after college to be able to split rent, and they lived a floor above Max and Lucas.

"Mike called us asking if El was with us before hanging up when we said no. Do you guys know if she's okay?" Max ushered them inside and locked the door.

"El will tell you herself if she wants to, do NOT push her, please. And the fact that El is staying with us will remain unknown to him. Understand?" Max said sternly as they sat on the kitchen chairs. The phone rang, and Lucas shushed everyone before picking it up.

"Mike? No, I don't know where she is. Shouldn't you know where your wife is? Okay. Okay. Yes, I will. Okay. Yeah, bye." Max could tell Lucas was trying to keep the venom out of his voice.

The bathroom opened to reveal a puffy-eyed Eleven, staring at Dustin and Will with wide eyes.

"What are they doing here?" she asked worriedly.

"I didn't tell them, but Mike called all of us and asked if you were with us. Ah, ah, before you say anything, of course we didn't tell him where you were," Max said softly.

"You didn't tell them?" El said, nodding her head at Dustin and Will. Max shook her head no.

"It's fine, you can tell them how Mike's been screwing someone else for a year in the bed that *I* slept in," she said, not trying to keep the venom out of her voice, unlike Lucas. Will and Dustin widened their eyes, watching after her as she went past them to the kitchen, grabbing a bottle of water before making her way over to the now dry couch, plopping herself down. She started giggling.

"He's been cheating on me for a year, right under my nose, and it's probably because of the miscarriage I had last year!" she said through fits of laughter. It wasn't funny, she knew that, but in the moment it seemed extremely funny to her. She continued laughing.

"Oh boy, this is great! That's probably why he thinks I'm not enough! So he decides to screw some blonde whore," she said, wheezing a bit at the last part before taking a big gulp of water. Sighing, she stopped laughing and finally looked up at her friends.

"You had a miscarriage?" Dustin asked softly, wanting to reach out to his friend. Realizing she had just exposed her biggest secret, she nodded her head slowly.

"I was 3 months along, and we were about to tell you guys because we figured if we had lasted almost 3 months, we were in the clear. We were so excited, we had been trying for a few months. About a week before, I just started bleeding. It started out small, and with stomach pains, but I figured it was nothing. It wasn't until one day when I was at work in the bathroom and blood just came and came until I drove myself to the hospital. When the doctor came out and told us I had miscarried, we distanced for about 2 months. I was depressed, I didn't talk or eat or even get out of bed until Hopper sent me to therapy. I guess that's when he started... you know. We got better after those 2 months, and I thought we were good, but I guess not."

Max and Will had tears streaming down their faces, and Dustin and Lucas looked pretty close to that point.

"El, I'm so sorry," Max said, hugging her friend tightly.

"Why didn't you tell us, we wouldn't have judged you," Dustin said softly, wrapping his arms around her on her other side.

"I guess I know that now, I just couldn't help but feel *embarrassed*. I guess I thought this was all my fault in a way," she responded, looking at her feet.

"*None of this is your fault*," Will said strongly, kneeling in front of her. She smiled, and the door knocked.

Max took her into the bedroom as Lucas greeted Mike.

He told them he knew he was here, and that he just wanted to talk to her.

She burrowed herself deeper into Max's side, her heart sinking each time she heard his voice.

2. Chapter 2

Lucas took a breath and glanced back to make sure El was with Max. Forcing a smile upon his face, he opened the door to reveal his (ex?) best friend looking up at him with a look of distraught as clear as day on his face.

"Hey, man, what's up?" he greeted, trying not to punch him right then and there.

"I know she's here, and please Lucas, I just want to talk to her," he begged. Lucas sighed.

"Look man, she's not here," he said, hoping to just get rid of him already. That didn't happen, as they went back and forth like this for about 5 more minutes before the door to Max's door opened, revealing El.

"It's fine Lucas, just let him talk," she said quietly, not meeting Mike's eyes. Before Mike got a word out, she spoke again.

"You have 5 minutes," she said, finally meeting his eyes.

"Thank you," he spoke softly, walking towards her (no one missed the way she flinched away from him, especially not Mike).

"I- do you want to go to that cafe or-"

"No."

"No?"

"No, I'm not going anywhere with you. We'll do it here," she said, turning around and walking into Max and Lucas' room. After he stood there not moving for a few seconds, she glanced at her watch.

"4 minutes 59 seconds, 4 minutes 58 seconds..."

He snapped back to his senses and went to close the door behind them.

"Talk."

"I'm so sorry, El-"

"Not that. Why did you do it?" she said, wanting answers more than his apologies. When he didn't respond, she pressed on.

"Was she good? Better than me? Because if you were going to throw away everything we had I hope it was someone who was amazing in bed," she spat, trying not to show too much hurt.

"El, I- I just— ugh. You just weren't the same after..." he waved his left hand around in the air.

"You didn't talk or eat or do anything, and I was hurting too, and it just helped numb the pain. I didn't want to see you hurt—" she laughed here, because she obviously was hurting more than she ever thought she would- "and it just helped me forget I guess."

"That explanation was shit," she stated, staring at his eyes. He sighed.

"It's true," he said.

"Yeah well, whatever the truth is, it doesn't excuse what you did," she was about to walk out before Mike started crying and grabbed her arm, sinking onto his knees.

"Please, I can't live without you, please, please, please, El. I'll change. I made a mistake and I'm so sorry..." he repeated these words over and over for a few minutes, hugging her around the waist as he sank his knees further around the carpet, his head against her stomach. She was crying at this point, too.

"I used to think of you as a person who would never, ever hurt me," she said through tears. "I think you should go, she said, prying him off her and looking down, clearing the path to the door.

"Please, El-"

"Go." He stared at her for a few seconds before walking out the door, passing their friends (who couldn't help but overhear everything) and out the apartment. Max immediately ran for El.

"I'm fine, really," she insisted, shrugging off her hands and grabbing her car keys and bag.

"Where are you going?" Will asked, grabbing her arm.

"A drive," she stated simply, walking towards the door. Before she grabbed the handle, she turned around and looked at all of their faces once more. "Just a drive."

She walked out of the apartment then, leaving all their shocked faces behind her.

After a few minutes of silence, Dustin was the one who broke it with:

"It's not *just a drive*, is it?"